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Rodwell, George Herbert
Buonaparte

The chimney piece

and

Planché

High. Low. Jack and the Game.

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THE
CHIMNEY PIECE.

A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT.

BY
G. HERBERT RODWELL,

AUTHOR OF

"TEDDY THE TILER," "WAS I TO BLAME," "I'LL BE YOUR
SECOND," &c. &c.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

LONDON:
JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN,

(Agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

1833.



PR

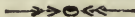
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W. GLINDON, PRINTER,

51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.

DEDICATION.



TO

W. FARREN, ESQ.

SIR,

It was to you I owed the production of the following Farce;—it was to you, no less, I owed it's success;—I feel, therefore, it is to you I now owe it's DEDICATION, which I hope you will receive with the warmest thanks of

THE AUTHOR.

Brompton,

August 4th, 1833.

DEDICATION.

TO

W. WARREN, ESQ.

It was to you I owed the publication
of the following paper:—It was to you, my dear
friend, I owed its success;—I feel, therefore, it is to
you I now owe its DEDICATION, which I hope
you will receive with the warmest thanks of

THE AUTHOR

London, 1841.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

- Mr. Muddlebrain, a Disciple of Sir Humphrey Davy* Mr. W. FARREN.
Frederick, his Brother in Law, Mr. BRINDAL.
Shuffle, formerly Waiter at a Gambling House, Mr. BALLS.
John Horn, an old Domestic, Mr. ATLIFFE.
Officer, Mr. COOKE.

WOMEN.

- Lucretia, Wife to Mr. Muddlebrain,* Mrs. NESBITT.
Mary, her Servant, Mrs. HUMBY.
-

This Farce was represented for the first time
March 23, 1833.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Munkelberry, a Bachelor of the Law.
 Mrs. Munkelberry, his Sister-in-Law.
 Mr. Munkelberry, his Brother-in-Law.
 Mr. Munkelberry, his Brother-in-Law.
 Mr. Munkelberry, his Brother-in-Law.
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 Mr. Munkelberry, his Brother-in-Law.
 Mr. Munkelberry, his Brother-in-Law.

This Piece was represented for the first time
 March 21, 1833.

THE CHIMNEY PIECE.

SCENE I.

A Chamber, in the centre of which is a large Chimney Piece in the olden style. A Door on each side of the Chimney; two other Doors at sides, and a Window with Shutters.

MARY, SHUFFLE, and JOHN HORN are discovered, arranging the Furniture.

MARY. Three movings they say are as bad as one fire! If so, since I have lived with him, master has been as good as burnt out of house and home at least half a dozen times. This is the eighteenth house he has had in five years. Move, move, move, he's for ever moving! Like—like—

JOHN HORN (*coming forward*). Like your tongue. But remember, mistress Mary, it's not always his fault, for since he's become what he calls a disciple of Sir Humphrey Davy, the great chymist, and a student in natural magic, nobody will allow us to remain half a year in their houses. True, he did blow off the roof of one with his chymistry, and frightened two old maids out of their wigs by raising the devil as they said. (*A flash of light is seen to issue from door, at side of chimney.*

SHUFFLE. (*starting*) Yes, and he's doing so now I think. Did you see that?

MARY. Yes—He's trying now to extract butter from sea sand, or some such nonsense. We've only been two days in the house, and it smells of sulphur already as if old Nick had been here for a month.

Enter Mrs. MUDDLEBRAIN, carrying a Flower Vase.

Mrs. M. Here, Mary, place this on the chimney; and tell me where is your master?

MARY. At his natural magic, ma'am. (*puts the vase on the side of the chimney.*)

Mrs. M. Heigho! Poor infatuated man. Thus does he ever neglect me. He has read the works of Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Humphrey Davy, and other learned men, until he almost believes that nothing really exists in the world, but in imagination. (*turns and sees SHUFFLE.*) Mary, who is this young man?

MARY. That's my cousin, ma'am, just stept in to lend us a helping hand in placing the things.

Mrs. M. Your cousin! you've a great many cousins, Mary. This is a brother I suppose to the tall grenadier I found in the pantry last week. Come John Horn, come with me. (*Exit.*

JOHN HORN (*following slowly.*) I fly, ma'am. (*Exit.*

SHUFFLE. What the devil did she say about a tall grenadier, and the pantry? Mrs. Shuffle! Mrs. Shuffle!

MARY. Hush! Are you mad? Do you want to tell all the world that we're married, and get me turned away?

SHUFFLE. No; but the grenadier?

MARY. Came to see the cook; so to prevent all the fat being in the fire, I cousined him, and made him a relation.

SHUFFLE. Yes; and remember you've cousined me too.

MARY. To be sure I have; for you know master never will have a married maid; for he says their husbands are always about the house, and that annoys him.

SHUFFLE. But why?

MARY. Because he imagines they live at his expence.

SHUFFLE. Absurd; live at his expence indeed—as for myself I have too much pride—he need’nt be afraid of me. By the bye, I’ll give you the basin I took away the turtle in yesterday. (*takes a basin from his back pocket.*) They’re pretty careful I think.

MARY. Never mind, as the place is so good.

SHUFFLE. Yes; but I don’t like to be your husband, and not your husband. But why not intrust your mistress?

MARY. I have thought of doing so; (*mysteriously*) I think she’ll want my assistance soon, for I’ve caught her, while my master’s at his natural magic, peeping at a handsome young man next door.

SHUFFLE. No!

MARY. Yes!

SHUFFLE. You don’t say so?

MARY. But I do though; and if master don’t look sharp, he’ll find that mistress has more natural magic in her sparkling eyes than he can find in all the musty old books since the creation. Let him take care, I say, that she doesn’t, one of these days, by love’s chymistry, transform him into something he won’t like to be called.—Here she comes.

Enter Mrs. MUDDLEBRAIN and JOHN HORN.

Mrs. M. Your cousin not gone, Mary?

MARY. No ma’am; but he’s going (*aside*) into the pantry. (*Mrs. M. goes to window.*)

SHUFFLE. (*to MARY.*) Which is your room?

MARY. That—but why?

SHUFFLE. I shall be here at seven.

MARY. Here? Impossible.

SHUFFLE. Leave that to me; I've a way of getting into this house which—but, mum!—up, down, through. I cannot explain to you now—that's my natural magic.

MARY. What do you mean?

SHUFFLE. Hush!

Mrs. M. (*looking out of window.*) Still at his window. If I could but let him know—

MARY. (*aside to SHUFFLE.*) She's looking at the young man at this moment. I should like to tell master, but he'll hear nothing but—

Mrs. M. Gracious powers! What's that?

MARY. Only master blowing himself up again, ma'am.

Enter Mr. MUDDLEBRAIN in a Dressing Gown, with a broken Retort in his Hand, and his Face black on one Side.

Mr. M. How unfortunate, just at the moment I was about to prove to demonstration, in spite of Dr. Thickhead's assertion—

Mrs. M. Dear love, are you hurt? Are you in pain?

Mr. M. (*wincing*). Pain! have I not often explained to you, my dear Mrs. Muddlebrain, how completely the philosophers have proved that there is no such thing as pain in the world—it's all imaginary. Ask John Horn there, he knows; for last week I broke his head, as an experiment, just to prove that I could not hurt him.

JOHN HORN. But you didn't prove it. (*rubbing his head*).

Mrs. M. I did John.

JOHN HORN. Then why would you not let me try the same experiment upon your head, as I wished to do?

Mr. M. Because I was already convinced.

Mrs. M. And see there, your poor dear face, such a colour—one side is all black.

Mr. M. There you go again, my dear! You, the wife of a modern philosopher, ought to be aware that there is no such thing as colour in existence. It's an optical illusion. I've often told you, that when the rays of light, as in this instance, (*placing his left hand upon the top of his head, and the thumb of his right hand under his chin, as if to shew his face more clearly*) fall upon a dull, thick, heavy, impenetrable substance, it absorbs the light; and there being no light, it's dark.

JOHN HORN. That's true.

Mr. M. And that's what we call black.

Mrs. M. Never mind my dear what we call it, only go and wash it off.

MARY. I'll run and fetch master some water here, ma'am.

Mrs. M. No, no, it will be better in another room. (*aside*) I must get them out of this apartment.

Mr. M. Mary's right—I'll have it here.

Mrs. M. How provoking.

Mr. M. And then I can explain to you the properties of water, by which—

MARY. I'll fetch it directly, sir. Come cousin, I can let you out at the same time.

SHUFFLE. I'll follow, *cousin*. (*aside to MARY, as they go out*) Don't forget, at seven this evening. I shall be here, in this room, and I shall not be at all insulted, if I should find a nice cold chicken, and a bottle or two of wine.

(*Exeunt SHUFFLE and MARY.*)

Mrs. M. (*coming forward with Mr. M.*) Now, my dear, do go into another room, this you see is not yet arranged—you'll be more at home in your room.

Mr. M. A philosopher is at home any where, I once remember, when Doctor Thickhead and I—

Mrs. M. Doctor Blockhead you mean, that's the old fool who first turned your wits about chymistry, and such nonsense ? it's he makes you sit up, night after night, studying natural magic, instead of natural affection ! and what does all your chymistry come to—nothing.

Mr. M. Nothing ! Mrs. Muddlebrain ? You're insulting ! Is it nothing to be able to make a goloptious soup from oyster shells ? That's done by chymistry. Is it nothing to have discovered—Oh ! inestimable discovery !—a method of infusing laughing gas into our Theatres, which will be invaluable on the first night of a new Farce ? That's done by chymistry ! (*re-enter MARY with a basin, towel, soap and water, which she carries to MUDDLEBRAIN ; JOHN HORN assists her.*) and couldn't I, by chymistry, with this basin of water and a little fire, make steam enough to blow us all to the devil ; and I'll do it, if it will give you any pleasure to see the experiment. (*Washes his face, JOHN HORN holds the basin, MARY the towel and soap stand.*)

MARY. La, Sir ! blow us to the naughty gentleman ! how you frighten one.

Mrs. M. Don't be frightened child, he can't hurt you.

Mr. M. (*washing*) Mrs. Muddlebrain, you're always throwing cold water upon my efforts ; Genius, like Fortune, is a slippery jade—the soap Mary ! (*MARY gives the soap and Exit.*) And after enduring all the rubs and scrubs of this life, (*wiping his face*) endeavouring to get through the world with clean hands, I'm at last denied the consolation of a little connubial approbation.

Mrs. M. I wish, when you have cleaned your face, my dear, you would go and fetch your niece from school,

it will be such a treat for her to attend the party to-morrow evening.

(*Exit JOHN HORN with basin, &c. when MUDDLEBRAIN has finished washing.*)

Mr. M. No my dear! Ellen never comes from boarding school until the day of her marriage; science has taught me, that girls are composed of very dangerous combustible particles, which, if brought into conjunction with a spark, are apt to go off. When I have signed the marriage contract with my friend Doctor Thickhead—

Mrs. M. Ellen marry that stupid old apothecary?

Mr. M. More respect, Mrs. M.; Doctor Thickhead is a chymist.

Mrs. M. Now I should have thought, nay wished, that my brother Frederick—

Mr. M. Frederick! that impudent young scoundrel, who laughs at my studies, and who is always fighting.

Mrs. M. He may be wiser now, for you know we have not seen him for these three years.

Mr. M. Nor will I ever see him again, if the power I have over optics can prevent it; no, no, his last act has settled him with me. What, run away, and to Liverpool too! where Ellen was then at school; and there—

Mrs. M. Mr. Muddlebrain you annoy me, I must beg you will go to your own room. (*sweetly*) Now do my dear Mr. Muddlebrain, do go.

Mr. M. (*to himself*.) What can be her reason for wishing to get rid of me?

Mrs. M. Will you go, dear?

Mr. M. No my love, I want to make a few experiments on prismatic rays of light, as the great Sir Isaac Newton did,

thro' a little hole in the window shutter, (*pointing to window.*) and here's just the thing for me! (*going towards it, closes the shutter, in which is a small hole, holds up a prism, or bit of triangular glass.*)

Mrs. M. (*agitated.*) If he should discover him! (*loud.*) Muddlebrain, I say—

Mr. M. What love? (*still admiring the glass.*)

Mrs. M. I'm out of patience with you! you're an ass; and so was Sir Isaac! (*goes off indignantly.*)

Mr. M. She called Sir Isaac an ass, I'll never forgive that; why did she want to get me out of this room? why call me so sharply from the window? There's some mystery! (*opens shutters, and looks out of window*) I see no one!

Enter JOHN HORN cautiously.

JOHN HORN. Master.

Mr. M. What's the matter?

JOHN HORN. Are you alone?

Mr. M. Can't you see? (*coming forward.*)

JOHN HORN. Why, to tell the truth, you have so bewildered my poor old head in trying to teach me natural magic, and to prove to me, that nothing is really as it appears to be, that I now scarcely know whether I can see or not; but if I did see what I did see, I shall most certainly open your eyes to what you won't like to see.

Mr. M. What mean you?

JOHN HORN. The young man, or something that looked to me like a young man, the very same I told you I saw under mistress's window, lives in the very next house.

Mr. M. Well.

JOHN HORN. And mistress made signs to him from the window above,

Mr. M. Signs ! but are you sure, John Horn, that it was not an optical illusion ? for if the rays of light—

JOHN HORN. You know master, I have had some experience in lovers coming after one's wife ; I had enough of it ; for when the late Mrs. Horn—

Mr. M. Nonsense John ; it's not because your wife went astray, that all the female part of creation should do the same.

Enter MARY.

MARY. Missus has just found this little strip of paper, sir ; she says its a summons for you to attend a Committee at the House of Commons.

Mr. M. I've no time to attend.

MARY. Missus says you had better go directly to—

Mr. M. The Devil with you.

MARY. Dear me, sir, don't frighten me ; you, being a gentleman, may go where you like, I'm only to go and get the stuffing for to morrow's dinner. Missus has a *goose*. (*Exit.*)

Mr. M. Did you notice, how pointedly she said *goose* ? She's in the plot ; they want to get me away at any price.

JOHN HORN. Just as my wife used to send me, when—

Mr. M. John Horn ! John Horn ! I forbid you ever to mention your wife again—you'll drive me frantic. "But I have it—I'll pretend to go out, and when she thinks that all is safe, I'll burst in upon her.

JOHN HORN. Just as I did, when my wife—

Mr. M. (*loudly*). John Horn !

JOHN HORN. I'm dumb, sir.

Mr. M. I wish you had a pleasanter name at this moment. Prettily I shall be laughed at ; I—a disciple of Sir Humphrey—a philosopher too ! I, who could see into the most hidden secrets of invisible nature—see through a mill stone

with half an eye, to be thus blinded by a woman.—But its given me a grand idea, John Horn—I'll invent a chymical test, by which husbands may put their wives' virtue to the proof.

JOHN HORN. And if the husbands are wise, they'll never dare to use it.

Mr. M. Here she comes; the fool that I have been. Look there—it's now as clear as day; there's guilt written on her very countenance.

(Mrs. MUDDLEBRAIN *Enters*).

I'll take her off her guard. (*tries to sing.*)

“O the joys of wedded life,

“O the joys of wedded life.”

My joy will choke me. (*sings.*)

“Quiet mind and pretty wife,

“Makes us laugh and sing boys.”

Mrs. M. You're merry, love. How lucky I should find the summons, for no one knows the trouble it might have cost you, did you not go.

Mr. M. (*aside*) I'm afraid it will cost me more if I *do* go. (*Sings.*) “Quiet mind, &c. &c.” (*Aloud.*) I was not aware *my love*, that you knew any thing about the affair at all, *my dear*.

Mrs. M. Yes, and you will soon find out that I know a good deal more than you think I do; I shall surprise you soon.

Mr. M. (*aside.*) I expect you will. (*as if nothing had happened.*) But I must away. Keep up your spirits, duck! I shall not be long.

Mrs. M. No don't, dear.—Good bye.

Mr. M. (*aside.*) The hypocritical hyena! (*to JOHN HORN.*) Did you see her smile.

HORN. I did—so like the late Mrs. Horn.

Mr. M. (*Stops his mouth—going.*)

Mrs. M. (*tenderly.*) What! not a kiss.

Mr. M. I suppose I must. (*he goes reluctantly and kisses her.*)

Mrs. M. Good bye, darling.—(*retires.*)

Mr. M. (*to JOHN HORN.*) You at this door keep an eye on her—watchful—careful—while I go round to the other.

J. HORN. As careful as I used to be of Mrs. Horn.

Mr. M. Damn Mrs. Horn!

(*Exeunt Mr. M. and JOHN HORN.*)

Mrs. M. At last I am alone—and may with safety once again read his dear letter. How I tremble—if any one should have seen it—how imprudent: (*reads*) “Dearest Lucretia, at last then I am again near you, dear girl. How fortunate you were able to make your husband take this house! We shall now have it in our power to see, to converse freely, with each other at all times.” (*to herself.*) Then it must be like Pyramus and Thisbe, through the wall! (*reads*) “When your husband shall have gone out fly to the breakfast room.” (*to herself.*) This is it. (*reads*) “Two signals with your hands, and do not be afraid at any sudden apparition!—I shall appear.” How I tremble—his apparition! What can he mean? And yet, in spite of my fear, I would know. Shall I?—I will. (*goes to room door and locks it.*) How my heart beats! (*she slaps her hands twice, part of the chimney piece turns round upon a centre which brings FREDERICK into the room.*)

Mrs. M. Gracious powers! What have I done? (*sinks into a chair, the letter falls from her hand.*)

FRED. (*rushing to her.*) Sister, dear sister, take courage: 'tis only I, your brother.

Mrs. M. Frederick! Oh how you frightened me. (*rising*) Was there ever anything so wonderful; how did you come?

FREDERICK. A few words will explain everything:—this house, and the one next to it, on that side, once belonged to a nest of gamblers; that fire place, which turns upon a centre, was one of their modes of escape, when surprized by the officers of justice. Having paid pretty dearly to the scoundrels, for my knowledge of their secrets, I thought I had a right to use them for my own advantage; and my having taken lodgings in the next dwelling, was the reason for my so strongly urging you in my letter, to get your husband to hire this; besides the pleasure of seeing you, dear sister, it will give me a double chance of eluding my pursuers.

Mrs. M. Are you then again in trouble?

FREDERICK. I am.

Mrs. M. Thoughtless Frederick; and at this moment too; when my husband is on the point of giving the hand of Ellen to another.

FREDERICK. Ellen, the wife of another! Never!

Mrs. M. I can scarcely pity you. Why will you ever be quarrelling,—ever be fighting?

FREDERICK. On my honour, dear sister, you wrong me;—it is true, I have had some words with the unfortunate young man who was found shot; but how he came so, I am perfectly ignorant. I require time to prove my innocence; and as I thought I could employ that time to more advantage, out of a prison than in one, I fled from Liverpool, arrived safely in London, and of the rest you are already aware. All I now want is a friend, to wait upon the secretary of state, to shew him the papers I hear about me, and speak warmly in my favour. Are you sure your husband—

Mrs. M. Sure! if he but knew you were here, he would be the first to disclose your retreat, so incensed is he against you. But I have a thought—I—yes; I will do it myself.

FREDERICK. You, sister!

Mrs. M. Yes, I. My friend Lady Manville, is first cousin to this very secretary of state; I will hasten to her; my husband is out; give me the papers; not a moment must be lost; and remember, do not stir until you hear the signal.

JOHN HORN. (*without.*) Here, madam!

Mrs. M. Some one comes—quick—quick.

FREDERICK. I am gone! (*places himself against the chimney, touches the spring, and disappears. At the same moment, JOHN HORN from without, is trying to open the left hand door,*)

JOHN HORN. Here, madam!

Mrs. M. Well? (*unlocks door.*)

JOHN HORN. Didn't you call, ma'am? (*entering.*)

Mrs. M. No.

JOHN HORN. Strange! I thought I heard—just as I once did in the time of the late Mrs. Horn.

Mrs. M. No more, John.

JOHN HORN. I'm dumb: But please you ma'am, we are to prepare the dinner in this apartment; the dining room being so choked up with furniture.

Mrs. M. As you please.

MARY. (*from without.*) Mr. Horn, come and assist me with this table.

JOHN HORN. I'm coming mistress Mary, I'm coming. (*While Mrs. MUDDLEBRAIN is speaking, JOHN HORN and MARY bring in a tray, on which is a cold fowl, a ham, some wine, &c. and three candles unlighted, one a small one, put it on table.*)

Mrs. M. They certainly suspect nothing! (*looking at her watch.*) only five o'clock, and already getting dark. What, if I should not return before my husband. Here, Mary!

MARY. Yes, ma'am. (*coming down.*)

Mrs. M. I am compelled to go out, Mary; so if Mr. Muddlebrain should come home first, and ask for me, you will tell him that I am dressing. You understand, Mary?—Dressing.

JOHN HORN. (*aside, placing things on table.*) And mind she doesn't get a good dressing. (*Exit Mrs. MUDDLEBRAIN.*)

MARY. Yes ma'am, I understand. Mum! (*aside.*) It's all right, I shall soon be able to tell about Shuffle, and my marriage. (*Exit.*)

JOHN HORN. There they go, whispering to each other; it's as clear as day! Poor Mr. Muddlebrain!

Mr. M. (*puts his head in 'at the door.*) John.

JOHN HORN. (*not hearing.*) He'll not be long without a—

Mr. M. Horn, I say.

JOHN HORN. Is that you, master?

Mr. M. Do you know John, I begin to think we are wrong; because it's impossible that my wife—a wife that adores me.

JOHN HORN. Ah, sir, the late Mrs. Horn adored me! But sir, I have proofs.

Mr. M. Proofs! (*starts.*)

JOHN HORN. Yes, do you know that the young gentleman has not appeared once at the window since you have been out.

Mr. M. Well, but that's a good sign.

JOHN HORN. Yes; but as I came up stairs I heard the voice of a man. Is that a good sign?

Mr. M. No, a damn'd bad one! A man's voice?

JOHN HORN. Talking to missus.

Mr. M. I'm in a cold sweat! but John, don't you know

that science has taught us, the organ called the ear is very deceptive; that when the mind is fixed intently upon one point, sounds are often heard at another.

JOHN HORN. But I thought I heard a kiss!

Mr. M. A kiss?

JOHN HORN. Just such as I once heard in the time of Mrs.—

Mr. M. I'll choke you; and what did you do?

JOHN HORN. I opened the door—no, I tried to open it; for it was locked!

Mr. M. Locked?

JOHN HORN. Yes. But she let me in; and madame was—

Mr. M. Well!

JOHN HORN. Alone.

Mr. M. Fool! idiot! Just as I was in a state of almost spontaneous combustion! Now will you believe in my theory, which proves that everything is nothing; and that nothing is the only real thing in the world.

JOHN HORN. (*picking up the note let fall by Mrs. MUDDLEBRAIN.*) Then perhaps this little bit of paper is nothing, for it looks wonderfully like a real note.

Mr. M. A note!

JOHN HORN. Yes, and I declare, addressed to missus.

Mr. M. (*taking the note from JOHN HORN.*) To your mistress? What do I see? (*reads*) "Dearest Lucretia," that's my wife! "at last then I am again near you, dear girl." Damnation! (*reading, with great agitation*) "Have it in our power at all times—husband out—two signals"—

JOHN HORN. Am I a fool now?

Mr. M. No John, but I am. What shall I do? a fire damp has exploded in my brain; I'm in a perfect state of fusion. Fetch me a bag of nitrous oxide.

JOHN HORN. Yes, sir.

Mr. M. No, some brandy—water—anything.

JOHN HORN. Yes, sir!

Mr. M. No, John; fetch me nothing.

JOHN HORN. I will, sir.

Mr. M. The perfidious wretch! Light the candles John. (JOHN HORN takes an apparatus off the shelf, and lights the candles.) Now I no longer wonder at her speaking in such praise of this apartment. (*imitates his wife*) "This shall be my apartment; 'twill just do for me." (*naturally*). And will do for me, I'm afraid. (*like his wife*). "Two entrances, how convenient."—No doubt she has found it so. (*looks at note*). "Again near you!" (*to JOHN HORN*) Perhaps he's near us; take a light John, we'll search the house.—Where shall we begin?

JOHN HORN. I used to begin at the dust hole.

Mr. M. You go that way, I'll take this; and if we find a lover——

JOHN HORN. I once found two! (*aside*).

Mr. M. Ye powers that guard over injured husbands nerve my arm to vengeance! (*Exeunt Mr. M. and JOHN HORN, each taking a light.*)

SHUFFLE descends the Chimney, and advances with caution.

SHUFFLE. It was not for nothing that I, Harry Shuffle, performed the parts of head waiter, croupier, cutter, shuffler, and all that, when this was a gambling house. To look at that chimney, few people would imagine the inside was built like a staircase—many a time have I scampered up that when the Bow-street officers, those cursed knaves of clubs, were at our heels. I've cut the cards now, and deal in other commodities,

I'm head man at a pop shop, as I call it, not a pawnbroker's but a gunsmith's—by the bye, I have forgotten to take home this brace of pistols (*feeling his back pocket*)—never mind. Now let me see: that's Mary's room, and (*turning round sees table*) the dear little queen of hearts! She has not forgotten my hint about the fowl, and the two bottles of wine. Doubtless the family are in the dining room; so I may safely enjoy the banquet my dear little Mary has prepared for me. (*sits down at the table.*)

Re-enter Mr. MUDDLEBRAIN without the Candle.

Mr. M. Nobody to be found; no, one has left the house! (*sees SHUFFLE*) The devil! Here he is, and eating my dinner! Shall I knock him down!

SHUFFLE. How heavy these pistols are in my pocket. (*puts pistols on table, pointing towards Mr. M.*)

Mr. M. Is he going to murder us.

SHUFFLE. What, if I'd shot myself!

Mr. M. I wish you had.

SHUFFLE. Now, Mr. Shuffle, I'll cut you for a slice of ham. (*cuts a slice, and holds it on his fork.*) It's mine! I've won it. (*eats.*)

Mr. M. And I've lost it! What's he at?

SHUFFLE. Now, Mr. Shuffle, I'll toss you for a glass of wine—I've won it! (*drinks.*)

Mr. M. And I'll toss you out of the window.

SHUFFLE. What's that? (*puts wine glass on candle, and extinguishes it.*)

Enter MARY.

MARY. I thought I heard master's voice.

Mr. M. A female! that's my wife!

SHUFFLE. There's some one in the room.

MARY. Perhaps it's my husband.

Mr. M. It is indeed.

MARY. Henry!

SHUFFLE. Yes, love!

Mr. M. (*softly.*) "Love," too; a pleasant situation mine. (*locks one of the doors.*) Cockatrice! wretch! If I can find my way to the door. (*feels for door on the other side.*) I'll lock them in until I have procured witnesses; and then for a divorce. (*Exit.*)

MARY. I thought master was here.

SHUFFLE. So he is; your lord and master.

MARY. But how got you here?

SHUFFLE. I flew here; but first my dear little wife, let me give you a kiss as a recompence for the fine fat fowl I've enjoyed.

MARY. What fowl?

SHUFFLE. Why the fowl you left for me on the table here, which I can assure you was delicious.

MARY. Oh! horror! you haven't eaten it?

SHUFFLE. All but the bones.

MARY. We're ruined and undone! Why that was the cold dinner for master and missus.

SHUFFLE. The devil!

MARY. And listen! Here is master coming, what shall I do?

SHUFFLE. Don't be afraid, like an old witch, I'll be up the chimney in a crack.

MARY. I shall faint!

SHUFFLE. That's your affair, I'm off! (*the door is heard opening.*)

MARY. (*falls in a chair.*) I'm gone!

SHUFFLE. So am I. (*gets up the chimney*)

Enter Mr. MUDDLEBRAIN with a Brace of Pistols, and JOHN HORN with a Blunderbuss and a lighted Candle.

Mr. M. Now, vile seducer ! surrender, or we'll shoot you !

JOHN HORN. This reminds me of old times.

Mr. M. Where is he, John ?

JOHN HORN. I don't see anybody.

(Goes to table, and lights the other candle.

Mr. M. No matter ;—here's the companion of his guilt. *(seeing MARY)*. Rise, lost, abandoned woman, and leave my house.

MARY. Abandoned. *(Starts up)*.

Mr. M. and JOHN HORN. *(together)*. Mary !

MARY. Yes, and I'd have you to know, I'm no more *abandoned* than my betters. This is my husband. *(looks around)*. Gone !

Mr. M. Who's your husband ?

MARY. I didn't say husband.

Mr. M. If not ; who was it I saw eating my dinner ?

MARY. I—as nobody seemed inclined to eat it, I thought I *might*.

Mr. M. Well, if it were you, you must be very quick at your toilet ; for just now I'm certain you had on a pair of breeches and jockey boots.

MARY. I ! You know, sir, that as you say, nothing is really in this world as it seems to be, I dare say I did appear to *you* in jockey boots ; but it was merely an *hoptical* illusion as you philosophers call it.

Mr. M. Where then is my wife ?

MARY. Sir ?

JOHN HORN. Can you understand a simple question ?—Where is this gentleman's wife ? *(Retires towards window.*

MARY. His wife ! She's dressing.

Mr. M. Dressing ;—is she ?

JOHN HORN. Then she's dressing in the street ; for by the gas-light yonder, I see her at this moment getting out of a hackney coach.

Mr. M. By herself ?

JOHN HORN. No ; by the pump.

MARY. May I go, sir ?

Mr. M. Yes ; to your own room, sphynx, (*takes out key and opens door*) but do not dare to breathe until I call you, or you shall die !

MARY. I shall die if I don't breathe ! Indeed, sir ; I—

Mr. M. In, directly ; or—

MARY. Oh dear ! What can all this mean ? (Mr. MUD-
DLEBRAIN *pushes her into a room, and locks the door.*)

Mr. M. We have one of the accomplices safe ; now for the principals. Where can the vile seducer be ? Has he vanished in smoke ?

JOHN HORN. Hush, master ! I hear missus coming.

Mr. M. Then you descend by the little staircase : call in all my neighbours—every body you see in the street. I wish all London to behold my wrongs ! To witness my great re-
venge ! My triumph ! Quick, away.

JOHN HORN. I fly. (*Exit.*)

Mr. M. Now where to hide myself, that I may surprise them. I have it ; in the nook of this chimney. Here can I watch the crocodile. Hush ! (*conceals himself.*)

Enter Mrs. MUDDLEBRAIN cautiously.

Mrs. M. Nobody here ! How fortunate I should find my spouse out.

Mr. M. Ditto.

Mrs. M. Now then to summon my dear Frederick.

Mr. M. Just now it was Henry!

Mrs. M. What a pity it is my husband is so prejudiced; I should like to tell him all about it.

Mr. M. The devil you would!

Mrs. M. For if we could all three live together; it would be so pleasant.

Mr. M. Damn'd pleasant! I can't stand this.

Mr. M. Perhaps my husband will be more reconciled in time, and then—

Mr. M. (*Groans.*)

Mrs. M. What was that? Was it Frederick? Quick, the signal. (*she slaps her hands rather softly, and listens*). No reply; he could not have heard me.

Mr. M. But he shall hear *me*. (*gives two loud slaps with his hands; when the chimney instantly springs round, carrying with it Mr. MUDDLEBRAIN, and bringing FREDERICK into view.*) Abduction!

Mrs. M. What was that? I shall swoon.

FREDERICK (*running to her*). Do not fear, dear sister.

Mrs. M. But I heard some one calling.

FREDERICK. Doubtless; when the chimney was opened, you must have heard the officers trying to break open the door of my apartment.

Mrs. M. Officers! have they then discovered your retreat?

FREDERICK. They have; but I'll give them leave to arrest any body they may find in my room. But what news sister?

Mrs. M. Why you must know, I went to my old friend Lady Manville, when, what was my surprise?—

Mr. M. (*without*). Reparation! Reparation! What reparation can I have? Answer me that.

Mrs. M. Ye powers, my husband!

FREDERICK. Again! I've not time for the chimney. (*slips under the table*).

Enter Mr. MUDDLEBRAIN *in great disorder*; **THREE OFFICERS** *following*.

Mrs. M. What does all this mean?

Mr. M. What does it mean? who can tell what it means? Here was I, one moment in this room; and in another, by the force of magic, or old Nick, I've been rammed through a stone wall, into the iron clutches of these *civil* officers, as they are called.

Enter JOHN HORN.

JOHN HORN. They're below sir; I've brought all I could find, to witness your triumph.

Mr. M. A pretty triumph! (*to the OFFICER*). Now, sir, of what am I accused?

OFFICER. Of killing a young man in a duel.

Mr. M. I fight a duel!

OFFICER. Yes; they tell me it was a most bloody contest, and but for your wonderful bravery——

Mrs. M. Indeed, sir, he is not capable of such a thing.

JOHN HORN. No, indeed he's not, sir.

Mr. M. No sir, I'm incapable of any thing; I'm a gentleman, sir. This is my house.

OFFICER. Then why did we find you in the next one? How got you there?

Mr. M. Through the wall.

OFFICER. Ridiculous! Your name is Frederick Melville; we know you.

Mr. M. No, sir. My name, I'm not ashamed of it, is Muddlebrain—Joseph Muddlebrain.

OFFICER. The devil it is ! Then, if you are a quiet gentleman, why do we find you armed with these crackers? (*taking pistols from table.*)

Mr. M. Because I have been watching and searching for a lover my wife has hid somewhere.

ALL. A lover!

Mrs. M. Mr. Muddlebrain, do you dare to——

Mr. M. Yes, ma'am ; I here unmask you to the world.

Mrs. M. Listen to me, sir.

Mr. M. I'll hear nothing! (*To the OFFICER*) I was standing just here, (*goes to chimney*) upon the watch, when, all at once——

SHUFFLE. (*is heard calling in the chimney.*) I'm down by Jingo ! (*Two or three bricks fall down upon Mr. MUDDLEBRAIN, who runs forward.*)

Mr. M. Murder! (*SHUFFLE's legs are dangling down for a minute; and ALL are astonished.*) That's he ! I know him by his boots. That's her paramour ! He first broke my peace, and has now broken my head. Seize him ! (*Two Followers seize SHUFFLE, and bring him forward.*)

SHUFFLE. Pardon, gentlemen, I'm no paramour, but an honest young man.

OFFICER. How came you in that chimney?

SHUFFLE. Why, as I was going along, I heard the cry of fire; so thinking it was in the chimney—I—I—I—fell down it; and here I am.

Mr. M. So villain, you were walking along the street, and fell down a chimney. A pretty story, indeed.

MARY. (*heard knocking from within.*) Let me out, let me out ! (*JOHN HORN unlocks the door, MARY enters.*)

OFFICER. (*to his men*). March him off.

MARY. (*crying*). Oh ma'am ! oh master ! Pray pardon !

Do, good Mr. Officer! he only came to see me; he's an honest young man, and my husband.

ALL. Your husband!

Mr. M. What do I hear? say it once more.

MARY. He's my husband.

Mr. M. Come to my arms, you little darling. (*hugs her*).

Oh! my good friends! oh! my dear little wife! and you, John Horn, I don't mind your name now, bear witness, that I'm the happiest man,—that is, *married* man in the world.

JOHN HORN (*who has been looking at the table*). Not yet, sir.

Mr. M. What do you mean, Horn?

JOHN HORN. (*whispering to Mr. MUDDLEBRAIN, and pointing at the table*). Here's another, I see his legs.

Mr. M. Nonsense; they are the legs of the table.

JOHN HORN. If they are, they wear boots. (*at this moment, MARY and SHUFFLE, who have been taking away the dinner things, also take away the cloth, and discover FREDERICK sitting under the table*).

FREDERICK. (*laughing*). Don't be afraid! 'tis only I.

ALL. A young man!

Mrs. M. Brother!

Mr. M. Frederick Melville!

OFFICER. The very man we are to arrest.

Mrs. M. This paper will satisfy you that he is at liberty. (*Gives paper to OFFICER, who goes off with his followers*.)

FREDERICK. Is it possible!

Mr. M. John Horn! John Horn! You've made me an ass. (*to his Wife*.) Most celestial of terrestrial beings, can you forgive me?

Mrs. M. On one condition.

Mr. M. Name it.

Mrs. M. That Frederick marry your niece Ellen.

Mr. M. Well, as he deserves to be punished in some way, perhaps that will be as good a method as any.—Eh! John Horn?

JOHN HORN. Can't be better—I've been married.

Mr. M. And you've been an old fool, I hope you will allow that.

JOHN HORN. I don't know. (*confidentially*) There may be a third lover somewhere, as there was in the time of the late Mrs. Horn.

Mr. M. Poh! Let there be, I fear him not. (*taking Mrs. MUDDLEBRAIN's hand*) And I hope the structure of our chimney piece, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Muddlebrain, with a little Cupid at top, will be considered both useful (*pointing to Mrs. MUDDLEBRAIN*) and ornamental.

CURTAIN.

W. GLINDON, PRINTER, RUPERT STREET,
HAYMARKET.

Mr. Wilson. Well, as he appears to be inclined to come away, perhaps that will be as good a meeting as any.—Is it not so, John?

John Wilson. Can't be better.—You have wanted, Mr. M. And you've been an old fool, I hope you will allow that.

John Wilson. I don't know, (looking at his watch) I think only for a third hour somewhere, as there was in the time of the late Mrs. How.

Mr. M. Poh! But then how I fear dinner. (looking at his watch) And I hope the structure of our chimney piece, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Hindebald with a little Cupid at top will be considerably more useful—proving to the Hindebalds) and economical.

CURTAIN

HIGH, LOW, JACK & THE GAME;

OR,

The Card Party.

A MOST EXTRAVAGANT EXTRAVAGANZA,

OR

RUM-ANTICK BURLETTA,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ,

AND

CHARLES DANCE,

AUTHORS OF "OLYMPIC REVELS," &c.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL OLYMPIC,

Monday, September 30, 1830,

"Speak by the card."—SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

(Agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

1833.

THE LOW, JACK & THE GARDEN

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE great success which has attended the previous Burlesque Burlettas at this Theatre, by the same Authors, has induced them to submit the whole of the present one to the Public, in a printed form, at the same price as, and in lieu of, *the Songs only*, as heretofore. It is intended, now that efficient protection is afforded by the late Act, to follow up this by the publication of the Classical Burlesque Burlettas, called "Olympic Revels," "Olympic Devils," and "The Paphian Bower;" which will appear in quick succession.

The Authors take this first opportunity of expressing their sincere gratitude to the Public for the encouragement accorded to their humble endeavours to increase the harmless stock of public amusement, and to congratulate themselves, in the words of "The Merry Monarch,"

"That their nonsense suits *their* nonsense."

PLAYING CARDS.

THE KING OF SPADES, (<i>flushed with victory over the King of Hearts</i>).....	} MR. MATTHEWS.
THE QUEEN OF SPADES.....	MISS FITZWALTER.
HIS HONOUR THE LORD ACE CHANCELLOR	MR. TULLY.
HIS GRACE THE DEUCE, (<i>Lord Little Cassino to His Majesty</i>)	} MISS PETTIFER.
THE KNAVE OF SPADES, (<i>Captain of the Life Cards, BLACK</i>)	} MR. WYMAN.
HIS EMINENCE THE TEN OF DIAMONDS, (<i>Cardinal Legate from Pope Joan, Lord Great Cassino to the King of Diamonds, and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Spades</i>).....	} MR. MASON.
THE KING OF CLUBS, (<i>a Knight of the Round Table</i>)	MR. J. BLAND.
PAM, (<i>his Squire</i>).....	MR. COLLIER.
OMBRE OF THE KING OF HEARTS, (<i>fallen in combat against the King of Spades</i>).....	} MR. HUGGINS.
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS, (<i>a Captive-ating Captive</i>)	MADAME VESTRIS.
THE KNAVE OF HEARTS, (<i>Ex-Valet to the late King</i>)	MR. SALTER.
<i>Common Cards of the various Suits—Messrs. Ireland, Hitchinson, Fry, Morgan, Dowsing, and Giffin; Mesdames Crawford, Norman, Greener, Harrington, Nicholson, Melbourne, Goward, Tully.</i>	

The Music selected from the BEST HANDS, and arranged by
MR. BLEWITT.

The New SUITS, by Mr. JEFKINS, MISS IRELAND, and Partners, from original Paintings, in the possession of every body.

A DEAL of Machinery, by Mr. MACKINTOSH. The Properties MADE and CUT by Mr. BUCKLEY.

The New Scenery (painted by Mr. GORDON) will be DEALT OUT in the following order:—

1. A WELL-KNOWN EXTERIOR.
2. The COURT CARD ROOM of the KING OF SPADES.
3. CHAMBER IN SPADE PALACE.
4. THE DUNGEON OF CARD CASTLE.
5. *Exterior of Card Castle.*
6. AS BE 4.
7. COURT YARD OF THE CASTLE.

HIGH, LOW, JACK, &c.

As the Overture commences the Curtain draws and discovers—

SCENE I.

A well-known Exterior.

(i. e.) The portrait of the Great Mogul, as seen on the cover of a new pack of cards.

At the conclusion of the Overture, a crash is heard, and the scene parting, as if torn asunder, discovers—

SCENE II.

The Court Card Room of the King of Spades.

The KING and QUEEN OF SPADES are seated on their thrones.

His honour the ACE on the right of the KING, and his grace the DEUCE on the left of the QUEEN. The rest of the suit are arranged on each side of the throne, and captive Hearts, of both sexes, kneeling before it, under the guard of the Knave of Spades. Grand flourish. At a sign from the KING, the DEUCE advances to the orchestra.

DEUCE, (pointing with his wand to the leader,) It's your lead—play!

GLEE & CHORUS.

(" The mighty conqueror of hearts.")

*The mighty Conqueror of Hearts in triumph here behold!
With all his trumps, we sound his fame, our champion stout and bold!
While honours count for victory, ye Spades, in chorus sing,
" A lucky job it was for us we turned up such a King!"*

KING OF SP. Thanks, my brave Pips! my noble black cards, thanks!

We like this adulation! Praise is nought

Unless 'tis laid on with a trowel! we
 Are king "de jure" and "de facto," and we say
 Play the whole game or nothing!

QUEEN OF SP. Yet my liege— *(rising)*

KING OF SP. Silence!

QUEEN OF SP. I'm dumb. *(sits down)*

KING OF SP. Not you, sweet partner; to the court I spoke.
 Proceed, and without further interruption.

QUEEN OF SP. Well, then, my liege, I was about to
 say *(rising again)*

I thought—

KING OF SP. We differ from you totally,
 And so sit down. My lords! court cards and common,
 You have just now, and justly, sung our praises.
 We scorn to laud ourselves; but we are sworn
 To speak the truth. We are the greatest monarch
 Upon the cards. Be quiet; for we know it.
 In evil hour for him, the King of Hearts
 Affronted us. On the green cloth of battle
 Soon hand to hand we met. But our hand proved
 Too strong for his—a pretty hand he made on't—
 For with our own great spade to bed we put him,
 And left him playing dumby.

DEUCE. Glorious game!

These red men thought to make us blackies slaves.
 You taught them, Sire, a trick worth two of that—

KING OF SP. Silence! we would we could induce the deuce
 To hold his tongue—deuce take him! As we said,
 The King of Hearts is playing dumby. But
 Not so his captive queen—she talks of liberty,
 And talks incessantly, as Queens and women,
 Captive or not, are but too prone to do.
 Has she a motive for so talking? Silence—

We thank your forwardness, but we can answer,
 Good people, for ourself. Has she a motive?
 We have a shrewd suspicion—we say nothing—
 The King of Diamonds is a widower;
 The Queen of Hearts good-looking—we had almost said—
 Confoundedly good-looking—we say nothing.

DEUCE } Methinks his *Majesty* talks much for one
aside. } Who constantly says nothing.

KING OF SP. Silence! I say 'tis just upon the cards
 That this same King may offer her his hand—
 Should he prefer his suit— (*Flourish without.*)
 Did we say trumpet?

(*The KNAVE OF SPADES goes out, and returns with a card.*)

KNAVE OF SP. My liege, a card.

KING OF SP. The Ten of Diamonds!

KNAVE OF SP. The cardinal, lord great Cassino to
 And envoy from his Majesty *his* king

KING OF SP. Aha! my pips! I ask you, is your Sovereign
 A good hand at a guess or not? No answer!
 Turn up the Ten of Diamonds.

(*Enter TEN OF DIAMONDS.*)

KING OF SP. Welcome, Lord Cardinal! What says our
 Cousin

His precious Majesty of Diamonds?

TEN OF D. Diamonds sends health to Spades, and greets
 him thus:—

The Queen of Hearts—poor heart—a captive maid,
 Or rather made a captive by thy arms,
 Here languishes in prison.

KING OF SP. Wonderful!

Hast thou no news, my lord? All this we know,
 We took that trick ourself!

DEUCE. 'Twas an odd trick.

KING OF SP. Aha!

DEUCE. Because it won the game.

KING OF SP. Oho! Proceed.

TEN. Her Majesty of Hearts—

KING OF SP. Silence!

TEN. Alack! how can I tell my tale,
Great Spade, and yet be silent too?

KING OF SP. That's true—

But cut thy tale short, and let's have the heads.
Proceed from "languishes in prison,"—we
Have heard the rest before.

TEN. In prison, and
The king, *my* king, desires her instant freedom.

KING OF SP. Desires!

TEN. Entreats!

KING OF SP. That's better. We'll consult
His honour here, the Ace. Lord Chancellor,
You hear the King of Diamonds doth propose
To take the Queen of Hearts, and in exchange
To give us—nothing. The advantage thus,
Being all upon one side, 'twere crooked policy,
Methinks, to grant this boon. But how say you?

ACE. I doubt—I'll take the papers home and look at
them

Ere I give judgment in this card case.

KING OF SP. Pshaw!

Doubt me no doubts! Chief Justice Hoyle hath ruled,
When in doubt win the trick. We do refuse—

TEN. My answer is then?—

KING OF SP. Flat denial; unless
He offer every diamond in the pack
By way of ransom! Go, inform our cousin
We'll see him—he knows what first. For yourself,

Your stick is in your hand, sir—cut it.

TEN. Ah! this to me! Remember, haughty Spade,
Pope Joan is our near kinswoman! There's but
One pip between us and her Holiness!
Beware of excommunication! There's
A bull—

KING OF SP. A bull! we'll take it by the horns,
The Pope! Poh, poh!
Thou canst not, Cardinal, in all the cards
Find one so slight and so ridiculous
To charge me with an answer as the Pope.
Go tell her so. She'll find that in her game
The King of Spades's a stop! Despising too
You and your Master—thus we turn our back—
You'll find our answer plain!—

(The King and court turn their backs upon the Cardinal.)
Break up the court— *(Exit Cardinal.)*
We're for the chase! Go order Hunt and Son
To let our pack out. Whatsoe'er the game,
Be sure you follow suit!

AIR AND CHORUS.—DER FRIESCHUTZ.

(“Hark! follow; hark!”)

KING.

Away, hie away to the table's green cover;
Ourself will be poney and make up the pack:
The hounds shall play points, and when land games are over,
There's fish in the pool, and we'll turn up a Jack.
Let Jew money-lenders play “Beggar my neighbour;”
Let merchants play “Commerce,” and soldiers “Picquet;”
At vain “Speculation” philosophers labour;
We're for “Whist”—and our crown on the rubber we'll bet.

CHORUS.

Then, Cards, follow suit, follow suit, follow suit, &c.

(Exeunt Omnes.)

SCENE III.

*A Room in the Palace.**Enter the KNAVE OF HEARTS.*

KNAVE OF H. So far my game goes well. The King of
Hearts

Is slain—his suit dispersed—his queen a captive ;
All, all through me ! 'Twas I finessed the Tyrant,
I overlooked his hand, and told the foe
Exactly what he held. O, sweet revenge !
What ! For I eat a paltry score of tarts
Made on a summer-day by his fair queen,
Must I be scorned, discarded, rhymes made on me
And set to filthy tunes ? Forbid it, fate !
No, no ; I'll not be call'd a knave for nothing.
Vengeance is fed crop-full ; but Love ! ah, Love !
Almighty Love is yet unsatisfied.
I'm sore perplexed. The Queen of Spades' blue eyes
Have driven the black ones of the Queen of Hearts
Almost from out my nob ; I must win both.
Intrigue and Matrimony ! By Pope Joan !
The Knave—the poor despised Knave—will be
Within an ace of clearing all the board.

AIR—KNAVE OF HEARTS.

(The Minstrel Boy.)

The King of Spades to the chace is gone,
In the midst of the pack you'll find him ;
He leads his suit to the black game on,
But his Queen he has left behind him :
An honour she is called to his throne,
And she bears like a saint her slavery ;
But, like the rest of her sex, I own
She doats on a bit of knavery.

(Exit Knave.)

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

The QUEEN OF HEARTS is discovered, attended by four of her Ladies-Maids of Honour, one of whom, kneeling, holds before her a miniature of the King, her late husband, (a playing-card in a case.)

QUEEN, (*advancing to the air of "Portrait charmant;"*)

Yes, thou sweet image of my sainted lord,

By day I hold thee ever in my hand:

Night comes, and finds thee laid out in my crib!

Well I remember, I was sweet fifteen,

And you were fifteen too; (ah, what a pair!

Made for each other;) when your first fond suit

Brought a wild flush into my maiden cheeks,

Which counted, made you out. For years I wore thee

"Here, in my heart of hearts." For years we pegg'd

At the same board together. Oh, my husband,

Now thou hast shuffled off thy mortal coil,

I have no heart to cut for partners more!

(*Enter the KNAVE OF HEARTS.*)

Ha! Can I trust my sight? Avaunt, base Knave—

Ruffian—Rascallion—Rebel—Regicide—

Thief—Coward—Jackanapes—and Jack-a-dandy.

In short—thou every thing but gentleman.

KNAVE OF H. In short! That's personal; marry come up,

Shorts are the fashion; and Bob Short is called

A high authority! "In short" forsooth!

Short-sighted lady, I'll be short with you:

I love you, and would take you for my bride.

QUEEN OF H. Take me ! *you* take the Queen ! you cannot do it :

I am a cut above you, sir, and sooner
Than I'd take you, and make myself the Jil of such a Jack,
I'd take the meanest spade, and dig my grave with it.

KNAVE OF H. Indignant Queen—

QUEEN OF H. Impudent Knave ! talkest thou of love
to me ?

KNAVE OF H. Alack, Madame !

AIR.—KNAVE.

(“ *Is there a heart.*”)

Is there a heart that never loved ?

If so, it is not mine :

Is there a Knave can mark unmoved

A point that should be thine ?

Oh, bear him to some distant shores,

Or shabby “ silver hell,”

Where monsters only play “ All Fours,”

Where honours never tell.

QUEEN OF H. Honours ! I never reckoned upon thine, be
sure !

KNAVE OF H. Hear me in prose my ardent passion tell.

QUEEN OF H. Thy passion ! thine ! begone, or thou shalt
find

Thy passion, saucy Knave, a joke to mine !

KNAVE OF H. Madam, I go. How's this ! (*aside*) the
King of Spades !

So, so ; fair Queen, *you* are his game to-day ;

To mark the King, I'll play at *ecarté*.

(*Conceals himself.*)

Enter the KING OF SPADES.

KING OF SP. How fares our fairest prisoner of war?

QUEEN OF H. With the humility which best befits
Our sad condition, briefly we reply,
We're none the better, sir, for seeing you.

KING OF SP. Most captivating captive, we in turn
Do wear *your* chains; so we have cut the pack,
And slipped away to pay our duty here:

See at thy feet a spade— *(kneeling.)*

QUEEN OF H. A rake you mean.

KING OF SP. Well, be it so; thou art the mould of form!
And I propose—

QUEEN OF H. And I refuse—

KING OF SP. Hard heart!
Before thou knowest what.

QUEEN OF H. I know what's what, and therefore do refuse

AIR.—QUEEN.

("My heart with love is beating.")

When spades our hearts were beating,
And doubling them all down,
I felt it was by cheating
My husband lost a crown.
Fair play could ne'er have done it,
For, when our colour fled,
E'en you yourself must own it,
The run was on the red.

KING OF SP. Never! Beware the sequence; you have ruffled
me

When leading from my weakest suit; but now
I'll change it Queen, and play a forward game! *(seizing her.)*

QUEEN OF H. I'll call a card. Help! help!

*(KNAVE OF HEARTS, who has slipped out, returns with
the QUEEN OF SPADES.)*

KING OF S. The Knave of Hearts! my wife too! I've misdealt,
And lost the game by it.

QUEEN OF SP. So, sir, I've caught you.
What! fling down your own hand, and take up *Miss*
Before my face!

KING OF SP. It was amiss, I own; but I repent,
And ask my partner, can you one—forgive?

QUEEN OF SP. Your partner scorns to answer; you have
scored
A point that honours do not count at.

KING OF SP. Nay,
That's nine, you know, and we are but at sixes
And sevens; all may yet be well.

QUEEN OF SP. Away!

KING OF SP. Slight of hand! I'll not bear this!
Spades are still trumps, and I of spades am King,
And the last player too; the trick is mine:
So, madam, as you choose to say we're nine,
I'm out by cards. What, ho! there! take 'em up;
I'll make a *brulé* of 'em all!

(*The Ghost of the KING OF HEARTS appears.*)

KING OF SP. (*starting.*) Mother-o'-pearl! What *carte-*
blanche have we here?

GHOST. I am the Ombre of the King of Hearts.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. My husband!

KNAVE OF HEARTS. My late king.

KING OF SP. Avaunt, and quit my sight—let the earth
hide thee!

There is no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost glare withal!

GHOST. I do not play
At speculation.

KN. OF HRTS. (*aside.*) No; he plays at fright.

KING OF SP. What game is now a foot?

GHOST. Whist! whist! oh whist!

KING OF SP. Whence comest thou?

GHOST. From a—hem!

A Pandemonium—a shocking place

At the court-end o' the town.

KING OF SP. And what thine errand?

GHOST. I have come to warn you;

You have revoked—

KING OF SP. Poh, poh!

GHOST. I say you have.

A heart was led; and when you trumped this trick

My Queen was in your hand.

KING OF SP. I care not. I—I'll not give up a point.

GHOST. Then D. I. O.

QU. of HRTS. Oh! Say before you go

Two words of comfort to your wretched wife.

GHOST. Red wins. (*The ghost disappears.*)

QUEEN OF H. Ah tyrant! hearest thou that? red wins!

KING of SP. Red wins! red shall not win—that ghost
shall lie

In the Red Sea!—What, Ho! My guards here!—

Without there!

CONCERTED PIECE.—PIANO PIANISSIMO.

(*From the "Barber of Seville."*)

KNAVE OF HEARTS, QUEEN OF HEARTS, AND QUEEN OF SPADES.

Piano! Pianissimo:—Keep within bounds,
For such high airs you have no grounds.

ALL BUT KING.

Of the sequence pray take heed, Sir,
Such vile play can ne'er succeed, Sir!
Fate will soon return your lead, Sir—

Conscience wont be mute !—
And you'll rue the day, indeed, Sir,
You refused your partner's suit !

KING.

Silence ! Silence ! Cease your bawling :
By the heels I'll lay you sprawling ;
For a new deal Vengeance calling
Makes me deaf to Pity's suit.

SCENE V.

Exterior of Card-Castle.

March in Blue Beard.—Enter the KING OF CLUBS and PAM.

KING OF C. Behold the King of Clubs ! who has become
An errant knight for the sweet Queen of Hearts ;
And Pam, an arrant knave, who leads him on
With idle hopes unlimited, in lieu
Of dealing reason out with friendly hand.

PAM. To deal out reason to a lover is
To lose a deal of time. Odd's fish and counters !
I've served too many knights at the round table
Not to know that, my master !

KING OF C. Pam, be civil,
And tell me if thou seest a card house near
That may contain my love.

PAM. Your most majestic Majesty of Clubs
Has but to follow your own nose three steps,
And you may ring it soundly at the gate
Of a fair castle.

KING OF C. Hah ! my grief's so great
It blinds me ! As thou sayest, there is a castle—

And built with cards! my sympathetic soul
 Tells me that here my love in limbo lies.
 E'en while her husband lived, across the board
 Oft have her black eyes on my blue beard cast
 Their whistful glances. Hah! I know the play
 Will fetch her out. From Blue-Beard I will pull
 The finest air. Come forth, my dulcet lute,
 And you, my sharp set squire, a while be mute,
 While I, with lowly suit and plaintive ditty,
 Attempt to move this gentle heart to pity!

AIR.—KING OF CLUBS.

(“ *Twilight glimmers,*” &c.—BLUE BEARD.)

Sky-light open, and play bo-peep,
 Lady love—Lady love—never fear
 Wall to climb and ditch to leap,
 Lady love—Lady love—See limbs here!

The QUEEN OF HEARTS appears on the battlements.

QUEEN OF H. What airy sound floats o'er the area rails,
 And to the high top garret of my tower
 Adds a new story, built by hope and joy?
 I've heard *that air* before—I'll try *this here* :—

AIR.—QUEEN OF HEARTS.

(“ *Tink a tink.*”—BLUE BEARD.)

Here sighing, sick dying, sorrow hanging over me,
 Faint, weary, sad, dreary, I in prison lie!
 My moaning, deep groaning, surely must discover me
 To some kind gentleman who may be passing by.
 Clink! clink a clink a clink; I clank my chains in madness:
 Tink! tink a tink a tink, and in despair I sing:
 Wink! wink a wink a wink; I cannot sleep for sadness.
 Tink! tink a tink a tink; while thus my hands I wring.

TOGETHER.

QUEEN OF H. Tink ! tink a tink tink ; indeed I'm very melancholy :
Tink ! tink a tink tink ; though thus I dance and sing.

KING OF C. { Tink ! tink a tink tink ; indeed she's very melancholy :
AND PAM { Tink ! tink a tink ; of her woes { I've } touched the
 string.

KING OF C. That voice!

QUEEN OF H. And that!

KING OF C. 'Tis she !

QUEEN OF H. 'Tis he!

KING OF C. Yes.

QUEEN OF H. No.

KING OF C. It is!

QUEEN OF H. It cannot be!

Hold still, my heart !

It is the King of Clubs; I met him oft

At the Salon in Paris. He had then

Just reached his natural vingt-un. Ah me !

KING OF C. Shespeaks! Ah, speak again; and "by the card Equivocation would undo us!" say,

Canst thou, and wilt thou, fly with me alone?

Or must I make a general to-do,

And with a conquering Pam-flush sweep the board?

QUEEN OF H. Alack, I'm limited to these sad walls,
And you can't play so high.

KING OF C. I'll play the deuce
But I will win thee!—Is there not a cavern
Beneath this tower?

QUEEN OF H. I don't exactly know,
But rather am inclined to think there is.

KING OF C. Enough ! At eight to-night I'll through it lead
Some chosen hearts, and force the King of Spades

To give thee freedom ! That I swear to do,
Or "go up one life" in the great attempt.

QUEEN. That's what I call a trump. Propitious fate !
Good day, good knight ; and mind you call at eight.

KING. Oh *sink* your doubts, nor to your *sighs* give way,
I'll *cater* for your good, and ne'er betray.

AIR.—KING.

(" *Had I a heart,*" &c.)

The Knave of Hearts, for falsehood framed,
Alone could injure you :
Believe me, I should feel ashamed
To cheat a Queen so true.
Go, lady, to St. James's-street,
At White's or Brookes's ring,
A friend in ev'ry Club you'll meet,
A lover in their King !

QUEEN. I'll doubt no more ; till eight, dear love, adieu,
And I'll believe thee, like thy beard, true-blue.

(*Exit Queen*)

KING OF CLUBS. (*To Pam.*) Go, summon up my stoutest
clubs to handle

These spades as they deserve, and let the hearts
That have escaped the fray come bounding now
Around the standard of their injured Queen.

Enter Clubs and Hearts with standards, &c.

AIR—KING OF CLUBS.

(" *Scots, wha ha'e.*")

Hearts that have for freedom bled,
Clubs that I have often led,
Welcome suits, both black and red,
Up for victory !
Now's the time, and now's the hour,
See of spades the sable show'r,
Playing "Brag," while in their power
Tricks and knavery.

HIGH, LOW, JACK,

Who would spare a traitor knave?
 Who would call on Pope to save?
 Lest a spade should dig his grave,
 Let him cut and flee:
 Who for Hearts' fair Queen and Pam,
 Caring not for spades a D—n!
 Will lose the rub or win the slam!
 Let him on with me!

(*Exit King of Clubs.*)

PAM. Cards!—Face!—Shuffle and Cut!

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.

Interior of Prison, as before.

The QUEEN OF HEARTS discovered.

QUEEN OF H. Was ever card so kept upon the rack
 As I am? How long must I here remain
 To play at Patience by myself? Alack!
 The King of Clubs! Where sticks he by the way?
 Sure Time has grown club-footed, it doth limp
 So tardily along. He said he'd call
 At eight; and see, the turret clock is just
 About to score it. Strike, O clock! strike hard;
 Knock down the spades by which I'm double-guarded,
 And lead up to the Queen!

AIR.—QUEEN.

(*Gavotte de Vestris.*)

“I can't get out:”

(*I quote the words of Yorick's starling.*)

“I can't get out,”

So Sterne-ly here I sing.

King of Spades is cruel,

Keeps me without fuel,

Gives me water gruel :
 Kill him in a duel,
 King of Clubs, do—there's a jewel.
 " I can't get out."

Strike, strike, O ! clock ;
 As yet you've only struck three-quarters :
 Strike, strike, O ! clock ;
 One more will make a *whole*.
 Soon that King provoking,
 His nose here 'll be poking,
 If I cry out " Woah ! King,"
 He'll pretend I'm joking.
 To protect me now I've no King.
 Strike, strike, O ! clock.

(1st Verse repeated.)

(To the slow part.)

Unless he his promise breaks,
 He'll come in a brace of shakes.

(Clock strikes to "Haydn's" (and the Queen's) "Surprise."
Flourish without. The wall of the prison is knocked in.
Enter the KING OF CLUBS.)

QUEEN OF H. Methought I heard a noise.

KING OF CLUBS (*advancing.*) If you did not,
 Sweetheart, you must be very deaf indeed.

QUEEN OF H. What do I see ? Ah, liberty ; I'm out !—

KING OF C. You shall be *by a hole*. The enemy
 Gave in at my first show. The King and Queen
 Of Spades are prisoners. Clubs are trumps this round,
 And Hearts shall be the next ! What news with you ?

(To PAM, who enters hastily.)

PAM. My liege, the Knave of Hearts defies your Majesty
 To single combat and at single stick.

KING OF C. We do accept his challenge. Tell the Knave
 We'll beat him out of doors !

DUO.—QUEEN OF HEARTS AND KING OF CLUBS.

(from Tancredi.)

Clubs shall the trump be! The scamp O, shall decamp O,
 Off he shall tramp O—While laughter roars.

Be not afraid O!
 I'm not.

I've
 He's

quelled the spade O,

And soon this rebel

I'll
 He'll

beat out o'doors.

The saucy knave, he
 Shall cry peccavi!

And on his marrow bones play at all fours.

He! He!

Shall on his marrow bones play at all fours.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VII.

The Court-yard of the Palace.

*Grand March, from Faust. Entrée of Clubs, Hearts, &c.
 with the KING and QUEEN OF SPADES, and others of their
 suite, prisoners; PAM, the QUEEN and KNAVE OF HEARTS.*

KNAVE OF HEARTS. What says the oracle? We sent to ask
 Which party should prevail.

PAM. Sir Knave, the oracle
 Has answered, "Cherry colour."

KNAVE OF HEARTS. Cherry colour!
 Victoria! That's our own! I do remember
 The Ghost did also say that red should win!
 I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds.
 Courage, my heart! Trump out! *(Trumpet sounds)* Again!
 again!

(The trumpet is answered.) Enter the KING OF CLUBS.

KING OF CLUBS. Of one or both of us the time is come.

KNAVE OF HEARTS. With all my heart; but 'tis your
 suit will fail:

I bear a charmed life! The oracle
Has said that cherry colour shall prevail.

KING OF CLUBS. Despair thy charm!
And let the demon thou so long hast served
Tell thee, false Knave, that there are cherries black
As well as cherries red!

KNAVE OF HEARTS. Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,
And ditto ditto to the juggling fiends
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. Lay on, great Club!

KING OF CLUBS. My crown and sceptre both upon the rub.
(*Flourish.—They fight.*)

KING OF CLUBS (*hitting him on the head.*) One for his nob!
(*Trips him up.*) Two for his heels!

KNAVE OF HEARTS. I'm low!

KING OF CLUBS. I'm high!

KNAVE OF HEARTS. I'm Jack!

KING OF CLUBS. And I the game!
Laugh and lay down your cares, fair Queen of Hearts,
The pool is yours!

QUEEN OF HEARTS. It looks a rich one!—Have you all
put in?

And are you all content that I should win?
I drest the board in trembling and in fear,
For even Pope might fail to save me here.
Mine is a ticklish game of speculation,
And I but play to gain your approbation.
Oh! on this point pray let it be decided;
I trust your honours will not be divided.
Come, let me see your hands—I hope you're strong
In hearts for me, and mean to hold them long.
Ye, who subscribe to all the clubs in town,

Will scarce club up to put my poor club down :
 Ye, who have left your counters for my shop,
 Say, will ye make the Queen of Hearts a stop ?
 Don't *put out* hastily a *pair* of Bards,
 But deal with them and me for "Playing Cards."

(*To the Orchestra.*)

Our new Olympic Game, thus safe from ill,
 We'll draw for partners and have one quadrille,
 The Beaten Knave shall on the fiddle play,
 And call the figure which we cut to day.

(*The Ace of Spades produces a violin and bow from his Chancellor's bag, and hands them to the Knave of Hearts.*)

KNAVE OF HEARTS (*mounting a seat*). "En place!"
 Hart's New Set!

The King of Clubs leads out the Queen of Hearts,—The King of Spades, his own royal partner,—The Knave of Spades, a Maid of Honour,—and Pam, the Deuce.

Quadrille.

Knave of Hearts calling the figures in the following order:—

"Matrimony,"—"Intrigue,"—"Pam Seul,"—"Pool,"—
 "Game,"—

And the curtain falls on a general shuffle by the whole pack.



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Rodwell, George Herbert
Buonaparte
The chimney piece

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